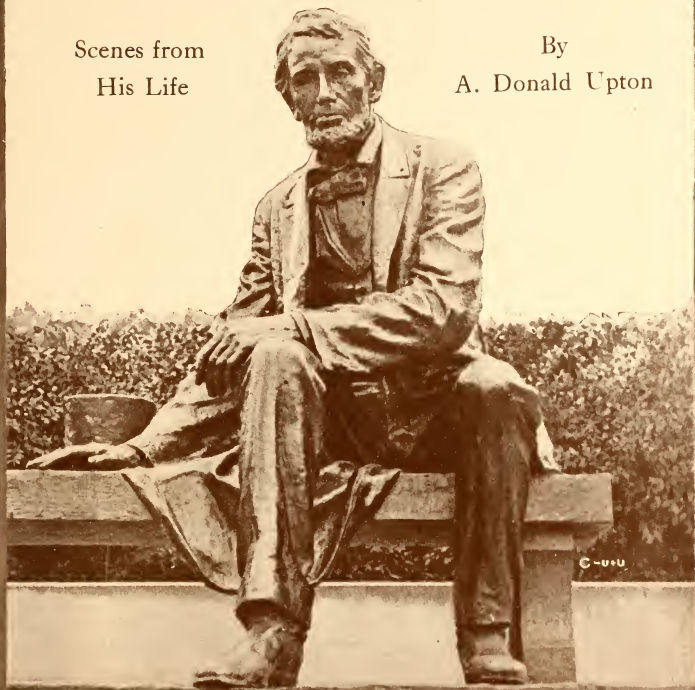


ABRAHAM LINCOLN

God's Gift to the Ages

Scenes from
His Life

By
A. Donald Upton



"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

The American Missionary Association

287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Foreword

The following play is an attempt, by a lover of Lincoln, to depict typical scenes from his life in such a way as to give the youth of our churches a high conception of the Christian character and the very human sympathies of this great soul. In the opinion of the author, Lincoln exemplified in his life all the attributes which Christ called for in the Sermon on the Mount and his utter abandonment of all self-seeking places him apart as one of God's gifts—not alone to America—but to the Ages.

COSTUMES, CHARACTERS AND DIRECTIONS

The action of the play covers the period from the boyhood to the death of Lincoln. The scenery should be of the simplest kind, as the scenes, though short, are necessarily many.

The actors should dress in costumes of the Lincoln period—a period not so remote but that there are such relics of the past to be found in every town and village which may be borrowed for the asking. The principal part of Lincoln might be performed by two actors (this being the heaviest part)—a boy taking the earlier scenes and a man the later. Although there are many players needed, the parts are short and easily learned, with the sole exception of that of Lincoln.

The action of the first scene takes places at three different periods, which should be marked by either lowering the lights or drawing the curtain, and this arrangement is carried on throughout the play.

In Scene VI arrange the stage with Lincoln, wife and children and a few friends. The address should be given to imaginary people off the stage.

In Scene X the stage could be covered with grass and blocks to mark the graves. The flag should be held by a soldier, and Lincoln and a few people should stand on a slightly elevated platform for the speech.

The usual detailed suggestion that accompanies pageants is not here given, because I believe each director of this pageant will assist all characters to dramatize their parts according to his or her dramatic instincts and vision.

Where a printed program or bulletin is not used, an announcer should give the cue to the scenes as they are presented. A. D. UPTON.

SCENES FROM LINCOLN'S LIFE

SCENE I

(1) Abraham and Sarah Lincoln seated on a log near their log cabin.

ABRAHAM (boy). Gone! Our angel mother has gone! Grown-up people may think that little children do not know sorrow—but I know, my sister, that you feel as I do, that our love is buried with our mother in that grave near the woods. Let us remember her always with reverence as our angel mother.

SARAH (sister). Abe, I cannot do otherwise. Do you remember how she used to take this Bible and read to us?

ABRAHAM. Why, yes. But where did you get it?

SARAH. I found it on the floor near the bed, after they had taken mother from it upon that old door.

ABRAHAM (takes Bible). Look! This is the page from which she last read before she became so very sick, Psalm twenty-seven. Look! She has even marked the verses, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

(2) Later—Abraham Lincoln speaks of his stepmother.

SARAH. Abe, I think I'm going to like our new mother. She gave me a second piece of cake without asking for it. Of course, I kept looking and looking toward it, but I didn't like to ask for a second helping.

ABRAHAM. Yes, she is good and kind-hearted. She gave me these books. Did you notice Dad last night, when stepmother said, "We ought to say our prayers together." He bent his head, too. I looked through my fingers and I saw tears roll down our father's cheeks. The last time I saw him cry was out in the workshop when he was making a coffin for our baby brother, Tommy.

SARAH. Abe, I just loved having our prayers together, and I liked that part of mother's prayer when she said, "O God, help me to be a real mother to these motherless children."

(3) Later—Abraham Lincoln, Student.

OLD MAN, TONEY. Abe, my lad, what are you reading there?

ABRAHAM. Nay, Mr. Toney, I ain't reading; I am studying.

OLD MAN. Studying? Studying nothing. You are wasting your time, and one day you'll pay for it.

ABRAHAM. Please do not shake your head like that. Now you just listen to this:

"The dreamer lives forever,
And the toiler dies in a day."

And again to this quotation:

"Not the selfish and the vain
Ever shall life's prizes gain,
But the gentle and the kind
Everlasting good shall find."

Now you must hear what I have written:

"Good boys who to their books apply
Will all be great men by and by."

MR. TONEY. I will study and prepare myself, and then some day my chance will come.

SCENE II

NEW ORLEANS AND NEW SALEM

(1) New Orleans—Lincoln attends Religious Service for slaves on Wharf.

REV. FRANK BATEMAN. As I have already told you, so I repeat, we are here to help you as we helped your forefathers, who were kidnapped and brought to this country as slaves. The good people of America made it possible not only for us to work for your comfort but also to give you these books free. Before we distribute them, I am going to present another member of our staff, who will sing for you, Rev. Albert Daniels, whose father is doing great work for God in our mission fields of China.

REV. ALBERT DANIELS. Sings, "O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth," or some suitable piece with respect to date.

REV. FRANK BATEMAN. Now we shall give you these Bibles which the Missionary Society has bought for you. We will follow you on to the plantations, build schools, and there you may learn to read these books. Our Gospel says the Truth shall make you free. Who knows but that your own children will one day be to your people what we are now to you—missionaries of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Distribution of Books.

ABRAHAM. May I have one, sir?

REV. ALBERT DANIELS. To be sure, my lad. Our Gospel is free. (Gives him a book). Take it and read it. Maybe you will yet help the Missionary Society in their work for the emancipation of the slaves, in a way that is beyond our dreams. "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

(2) On Wharf side with another boat companion.

JIM KELLY. Why, Abe. What's happened to you? You look too happy to live.

ABRAHAM. I not only look happy, Jim; I *am* happy. Just when I came from the service on the wharf, two gentlemen were coming out of those offices there and asked me to carry their trunks to the steamer. They were in a hurry, too, and I was glad to have a chance to earn something, for I guessed that each of them would give me a couple of bits. I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board and I lifted their trunks and put them on deck. Just then the old ship started to put on steam when I called out, "You have forgotten to pay me." Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar and threw it to the bottom of my boat. Just imagine a poor lad earning a dollar in less than a day by honest toil. We are only paid eight dollars a month for poling the craft down the river. Now you know why I am happy. This dollar makes me more hopeful and thoughtful.

(3) The Slave Market. A number of Negroes, slaves, waiting for the dealer, singing—selected spirituals off-stage—one colored person brought on to the dealer, at the slave block.

SLAVE DEALER. Come on, you buyers. I can't waste my time today. Step up and examine her. I have no secrets from my customers. I give good value for my money. Come up and examine her, for she is typical of the rest. Come and buy. This ship load is fresh from Africa. They will make good workers, after having had such a health-giving voyage.

ABRAHAM. Jim, Jim, look at that! It makes my blood run cold to see that sight.

JIM. I agree with thee, Abe. We have had some rough and tumbles on the boat down the river, but that thing turns my heart sick.

ABRAHAM. By the living God, if ever I have a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it so hard that slavery shall vanish from beneath the stars and stripes forever.

(1) New Salem. Abraham Lincoln, Mail Carrier.

MRS. WILKES. Good morning to ye. What brings ye about so early? I thought thou were sick?

MRS. BOOTH. Yea, I have been a wee bit out of sorts, but it's not what ye may call body sickness. It's a sickness of the heart. I have been troubled about that gal of mine, from whom I had no letter for a whole week.

MRS. WILKES. Well, thou knowest the old saying, "No news is good news." So I suppose you're looking for Abe, the Post Master. From all I've heard, you will have to look, too, for he's got his own troubles with old Rutledge's daughter a-dying. They tell me that Jim Rutledge won't let him see her, though she requested it several times.

MRS. BOOTH. Hush, he's a-coming now.

MRS. WILKES. Good day, Abe, and how is poor Ann Rutledge this morning?

ABRAHAM. She's no better, poor girl. The doctor told me the day before yesterday that she will have to fight for her life, and may even then lose the battle.

MRS. BOOTH. Everyone has his or her own troubles. I have mine. Have ye got a letter for me, Abe?

ABRAHAM. Yes, I have. (Takes his hat and gives her the letter.)

HARRY WOOD. Abe, I've been looking for ye everywhere. Old Jim Rutledge wants ye at once and has sent me to find ye. (Abe rushes off.)

MRS. WILKES. Is Ann any worse, Harry?

HARRY. I think so, and when old Rutledge came out with the doctor this morning I heard him say, "Rutledge, you must give her anything she wants; for she'll not live through the day."

MRS. BOOTH. They tell me Abe has not seen her since her sickness.

HARRY. That's the truth. The old man dunna like Abe for a son-in-law, but I'm sorry for Abe.

MRS. BOOTH. I'm not. It's his own punishment for reading them Tom Paine works and other wicked books.

HARRY. Nay, nay, Mary Booth. I dunna believe that. Abe's a good, honest feller, and though he dunna go to church as often as we do, you never heard of him a harming anyone.

MRS. WILKES. I agree with thee, Harry Wood, we can't judge folks. It's not often that I remember the sermon at the church, but I do try to take home the text. Last Sunday the Parson said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." (All Exit.)

(2) Abe's soliloquy—After Ann Rutledge's death.

ABRAHAM. All night long she called for me. How cruel of Rutledge to hold back her wish until it was almost too late. Now he knows how strong and pure our love for each other was.

"Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards." My troubles have been many—not enough money to offer Ann marriage; and now, through poverty, I have been compelled to watch a fair flower of the heart of God fade and die.

Ann Rutledge, now in Heaven, I shall always remember you as a beautiful flower in my thorny pathway.

SCENE III
LEGISLATOR AND LAWYER

(1) People on the way to political meeting.

GILES. I tell you the people will break away from the Union if the slave question is pressed! I am for Abe Lincoln to represent us against slavery, but the country is not ready to handle that question yet.

MILES. Well, you'll have a chance to hear him and know just where he stands on the question. I am told he hates slavery and has been moved by the story of the Church regarding the wonderful work of the Missionary Society for the colored people.

GILES. How did he hear of that Missionary Society? He wasn't in church when Parson Bateman told us the thrilling story of its work.

MILES. Abe Lincoln knew the story years ago. You should hear him tell of his experience at New Orleans—how he chanced upon a handful of Christians talking and singing to the slaves before they were taken for sale to the market.

STYLS. Aren't you fellows coming to the meeting? You know Abe will need all the support we can give him in this fight. He's going to talk on the slave question, too.

GILES. Come along, Miles, let us hear for ourselves his version of the subject.

(2) (Arrange stage for people to be listening to a political speech from the platform, or for the platform to be on the stage and address imaginary audience off it.)

ABRAHAM. Further on these questions of the day—I believe that slavery is formed on both injustice and a bad policy. I may be wrong in regard to any or all of these questions, but holding it a sound maxim that it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong; so soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous, I shall be ready to renounce them. My greatest ambition is to be truly esteemed by my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their respect. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young and unknown to many of you. I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walks of life. If you good people in your wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointment to be very much chagrined.

Court Scene. Arrange stage to represent court room.

(This could be done by Mrs. Armstrong and her son sitting at table and Abraham addressing imaginary judge and jury—witness on stage.)

ABRAHAM (to witness). Just a minute, just a minute, please. You have kissed this Book. Do you hear—you have kissed this Sacred Book of God. You have sworn to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Was that the truth—that you saw Bill Armstrong strike the fatal blow and that the scene occurred about eleven o'clock at night?

BILL RALLY. Yes.

ABRAHAM. How could you see so clearly at that late hour of the night?

BILL RALLY. By the moonlight.

ABRAHAM. Was the light of the moon great enough to see everything that happened?

BILL RALLY. Yes, it was practically full moon.

ABRAHAM. You say it was nearly full moon. In that case, it would be in the same place as the sun would at ten o'clock in the morning.

BILL RALLY. Yes, it was shining clearly in that position.

ABRAHAM (to Jury). Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury: According to this calendar (hands it to them) on the night in question the moon was only slightly past its first quarter. In that case, it did not set until one hour after the fatal occurrence and it could therefore have shown little or no light on the scene of the alleged murder.

Gentlemen of the Jury, I have come to this boy's defense, not as a hired lawyer, but to discharge a debt of friendship incurred in the days when friends were few. In those days, Hannah Armstrong's home was to me what the home of Mary and Martha of Bethany was to Jesus. After the rough knocks and jeers of life, I would turn to her home for help and quietness. This woman and her husband, Jack, were angels of God to me when I had no home and no mother. She mended my tattered clothes while I rocked that accused boy to sleep in the cradle—not as a hired lawyer but as a friend I come to this boy's defense—whose innocence has been abundantly proved by the discrepancies of the stories of the witness.

HANNAH ARMSTRONG. Oh, Abraham, will my boy be set free?

ABRAHAM. Yes, Hannah, I believe that Bill will be cleared before sundown. (Voices off-stage.)

JUDGE. Gentlemen of the Jury, have you found a verdict?

FOREMAN OF JURY. Your Honor, we have.

JUDGE. Foreman, read your verdict in open court.

FOREMAN OF JURY. Your Honor, we find the defendant, Bill Armstrong, "not guilty."

ABRAHAM. I thank you.

HANNAH. God bless ye, Abe. God bless ye.

ABRAHAM. (takes hold of Bill.) Bill, I want you to be a good lad. Whatever your pals say about your being tied to your mother's apron strings, better keep to them and save your soul than reject them and lose your character. Now don't think I'm giving you good advice and all that sort of thing that you lads kick against. I'm talking to you as your dad would if he were here. Go to that Mission House and get a Book like this (pulls it from his pocket). They give them away, and when you get it, for your own sake as well as your mother's, read it and let it be your guide and standard of life. Good day, Hannah, and God bless you both.

SCENE IV
SPRINGFIELD

(1) Abe Lincoln's Home. Abraham reclining on a sofa, in shirt sleeves.

ABRAHAM. I believe it is far better to be comfortable than conventional.
(Knock at door.)

MRS. LINCOLN (off-stage, calls). Abe, go to the door. Mary has gone out shopping. Whoever can it be calling at this early hour of the morning. I don't want to see anyone.

ABRAHAM. (as he walks to door). It seems I'm not destined even for much comfort. (Opens door). Oh, come right in Mrs. Taft. Mrs. Lincoln knew you would call.

MRS. EVA TAFT. I only heard at breakfast of her return home, so I just hurried along for a little chat, you know.

ABRAHAM. Mrs. Lincoln returned late last night from Chicago, where she has done a fair amount of shopping, from the packages she brought with her.

MRS. EVA TAFT. I am very anxious to see her, to know if all this talk about the new fashions in evening dress is true. Did she say anything to you about the new styles?

ABRAHAM. No, but you may rest assured, Mrs. Taft, that when she comes down, the trotting harness will be of the latest fashion.

MRS. LINCOLN (Enters). Abe, your coat. Get your coat on at once.

ABRAHAM. Excuse me, Mrs. Taft. (Exit.)

MRS. EVA TAFT. How are you, my dear? Did you have a nice journey?

MRS. LINCOLN. It was very pleasant and the stores are improving in size and the clothes in quality.

MRS. EVA TAFT. What about this new style of evening dress? Are these fashions considerably changed? Perhaps you didn't buy a new one?

MRS. LINCOLN. Oh, yes, I did, and I've got it on, too, to show you. The only change, my dear, is in the clasps. They have a patent clasp which helps matters in dressing and perhaps gives a better hang to the dress.

MRS. EVA TAFT. Oh, thank you! I must be going now. I am so eased in mind. You know I would just hate to attend the Senator's reception and be out of the fashion. (Exit.)

Enter Lincoln.

MRS. LINCOLN. Abe Lincoln, when will you be a lady's man?

ABRAHAM. Some day, I hope. At present I just lack those links in the chain of a woman's happiness. I guess I shall one day be a model husband. Well, dear, I must run along or Billy Herndon will think I'm lost. Good-bye.

(2) On way to office, Lincoln meets his boy and a colored boy.

ABRAHAM. Tad, where have you been so early in the morning?

TAD. I have been with John Yates to see his rabbits. The mother rabbit has five white ones, and two of these have lovely pink eyes. Haven't they, John?

JOHN YATES (colored boy). Yes, and black marks down their faces—ever so pretty.

ABRAHAM. Where does John live, Tad?

TAD. Down Cherry Lane, and his father works for Mr. Snow.

ABRAHAM. What is that little book?

TAD. Dad, it's the story about John's father, who was a slave and who was given his freedom for saving his master's daughter from drowning.

ABRAHAM (takes book). Well, John, what does A. M. A. mean?

JOHN. That is The American Missionary Association that brings the colored people the Gospel and builds schools for them in the South. All of us colored children love the A. M. A.

TAD. I hope some day, Dad, they will write a book about you doing something great. There are pictures in that book of John's father diving in the water to save the girl.

JOHN. My father gets lots of those little books from the A. M. A., and he sends them some money when he can, too.

ABRAHAM. The next time your Dad sends money, give him this to send for you. (Gives John a five-dollar bill.)

Now, Tad, you run home. I think your mother will wonder where you are.

SCENE V

HERNDON AND LINCOLN OFFICE

ABRAHAM. Billy, I remember, during my circuit days in Illinois, being overtaken by a stranger driving his buggy into town. It was a windy and dusty day, so I called out to the driver, "Will you have the goodness of heart to take this overcoat to town for me?" He promptly replied, "Yes, with pleasure, but how will you get it again?" "Oh," said I, "very readily, for I intend to remain in it." (Both laugh heartily.)

BILLY. The people were in to see me this morning on that corporation case of which we spoke the other day.

ABRAHAM. Billy, is that case founded upon justice and fact?

BILLY. There are some aspects of it that we shall be obliged to talk around.

ABRAHAM. Billy, let us leave it alone. Your interest in it is a personal one, I know. You want to save the client's name, which is likely to be ruined. In your heart you know it's a sham case, and a sham is very often another name for a lie. Don't let it go on record. The cursed thing may come staring us in the face long after the case is forgotten.

Billy, ours is a great record, after all. Over sixteen years together and during all that time we have not had a cross word. Have we?

BILLY (handling a screw driver). Not that I remember, Abe.

ABRAHAM. What are you doing with that screw driver?

BILLY. I was going to take the old sign down. You are now the President-elect.

ABRAHAM. Stop that. Don't take the sign down, Billy. Let it swing. Let our clients understand that the election of a President makes no changes in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live, I am coming back, and we will go right on practising law as though nothing had ever happened.

SCENE VI

FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD STATION

ABRAHAM. My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return. With a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington, without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

SCENE VII

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, ON WAY TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

LAMON. My dear Abe, could you not sense the feeling of the meeting in New York? The people in political power just snubbed you from first to last.

ABRAHAM. Yes, I was well aware of the state of things in New York. It was a cold-blooded meeting. I have no doubt in my mind regarding the apparent indifferences of the political snobs, but the plain people responded to my appeal. We must not let the fickleness and uncertainty of popularity daunt us. Ours is a great work. Remember, we are also in the shadow of Independence Hall.

LAMON. My blessing goes with thee. May God keep thee from all harm and give thee utterance.

ABRAHAM (speech in Hall. To imaginary audience.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I count it a great honor to stand in this Hall, where Washington, Jefferson and Franklin have stood. The Union of our Country is threatened. I appeal with all the strength of my life for you to save the Union—not as a political dogma, nor yet as a commercial asset, but on the fairest hope that earth holds for the masses of mankind. In order to do so, it may be necessary to put one's foot down firmly. I have not had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. If the Union

cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. But I have said nothing that I am not willing to live by and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

SCENE VIII
WASHINGTON, D. C.

(1) Hotel Room before the Inauguration.

LAMON. I tell you it is a shame. Every other President has received his great honor from a united people.

ABRAHAM. My dear Lamon, this is in keeping with my boyhood and manhood. They were tinged with sorrow and forebodings of evil.

ATTENDANT. The carriage awaits Mr. Lincoln.

ABRAHAM. Go along. I will be with you in a minute. (Abraham closes door and kneels in prayer.)

O God, my heavenly Father, Thou hast called me to a Union torn by discord and broken by secession. As I face this heart-wracking problem of how many stars I can lose and how many I can save, may I never doubt Thee. Give me, I beseech Thee, the patience of perseverance, the gentleness of mind, the sweetness of soul and the firmness of heart to save this nation from secession and slavery. In and through Thy Holy Name I ask it. Amen.

(2) Inauguration.

(In order to save changes of scenery, another imaginary audience and the closing part of the inaugural address.)

ABRAHAM. In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of Civil War.

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bond of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

(3) Lincoln and his cabinet—seated around a table.

ABRAHAM. Gentlemen, I am like a man who is busy letting rooms in one end of the house while the other end is on fire.

STANTON. I am afraid the whole house will be burned down before long, unless we alter our policy toward the country.

ABRAHAM. My dear Stanton, whatever is to be done by this administration, I must do it; and upon points arising in its progress, I wish and suppose I am entitled to have the advice of all the Cabinet.

STANTON. What is your attitude towards the neutral state of the country?

ABRAHAM. There can be no neutral in this war, neither states nor individuals. We have two classes only in the country—patriots and traitors.

CHASE. Then what are your views with regard to the Kentucky situation?
Cannot we let her go free?

ABRAHAM. No. To lose Kentucky is to lose the whole game. Kentucky lost, we cannot hold Missouri, nor, I think, can we hold Maryland. Those lost and the Union will be lost.

SMITH. Mr. President, in view of what you have said, I think it would be well for us to see what reaction this line of thought would produce upon the deputations from New York and Chicago.

ABRAHAM. Have they come?

SMITH. Yes, sir, and are anxious to see you. As Secretary of the Interior, I know what trouble they can give if they should lose trust in our administration!

Enter deputations.

SMITH. Sir, as Secretary of the Interior, this deputation (mention Roberts, Lee, Mills, Preston and Knowles) represents the financial interests of our land and also the newspaper world.

ABRAHAM. Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope. Would you shake the cable or keep shouting at him, "Blondin, stand up a little straighter"; "Blondin, stoop a little more"; "Blondin, go a little faster"; "Lean a little more to the North?" "Now to the South"? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongues and keep your hands off until he was safely over. The government is carrying an enormous weight. Untold treasures are in our hands. We are doing the best we can. Don't badger us. Keep silence and we will get safely across.

MR. MILES (after deputation holds short conference.) We have implicit faith in our President and our government.

(4) Lincoln and Stanton alone.

The visit of the girl.

STANTON. Who is knocking at this late hour? (Goes to door, girl pushes through.) You cannot come in here.

ABRAHAM. Let her alone, Stanton. She may have good news for us. What do you want with me?

MRS. WESTON. My boy has been courtmartialed and must die tomorrow for desertion. He's not yet twenty years of age, and through fear he ran home. If you spare him, I know he will fight his way to honor.

ABRAHAM. My poor girl. You have come here with no governor, nor senator, nor member of Congress to speak in your behalf. You seem honest and truthful, and I'll be whipped if I don't pardon him. You go home now. Your boy shall live to fight for his country.

STANTON. It is a shame for you to be pestered with these petty cares.

ABRAHAM. Stanton, things of the sort you have just seen don't hurt me. It is the only thing today that has made me forget my condition or give me any pleasure. Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow. (Walks to and fro between window and table.)

ABRAHAM. Nothing from Grant yet? Why don't we hear from Grant? I shall stay up until I hear.

(Noise of rejoicing off the stage. Stanton goes to the window.)

STANTON. Listen to that jubilant noise. A break in the clouds. Come to the window and speak to them. They are calling for you.

ABRAHAM (to crowd outside). I am glad, indeed, to see you tonight, and yet I will not say I thank you for this call, but I do most sincerely thank Almighty God for the occasion on which you have called.

SCENE IX

LINCOLN IN RICHMOND

Colored folks attending a Service of Thanksgiving.

REV. HARRY ALLWOOD. My dear people, we can all rejoice and give thanks to God for this great deliverance. As Moses led the Israelites out of the bondage of Egypt, Abraham Lincoln, by the strength of the same God, has brought you out of slavery into freedom. We may regard him as an Ambassador of the A. M. A., carrying the torch of truth and light into the dark places of this country. His work has prepared the way for great activities on the part of my Society, which has always labored for your physical, mental and spiritual welfare.

ARTHUR YATES (colored). Look! Here is Abraham Lincoln, the President, coming. (Runs off stage and kneels down before him. Loud cheers greet him.)

ABRAHAM. No, no, don't kneel to me. That is not right. You must kneel to God only. I am but His humble servant, but you may rest assured that as long as I live no one shall put a shackle on your limbs again. God bless you.

ABRAHAM. Can you show me where Mrs. George Pickett lives?

ANNA CUTHBERT (colored). Yes, sir, this is her home. (Leads Lincoln and his boy across stage.)

ABRAHAM. Thank you. Take this and share it with your brothers and sisters, if you have any. (Gives coin.)

ABRAHAM (knocks at door of an imaginary house). Mrs. Pickett, I am glad to see you. No, do not draw back, please. I have not come as the President. I even forget that General Pickett was in the other camp. I am Abraham Lincoln, George Pickett's old friend, and I want you to know if there is anything I can do for you and the children, do not hesitate to let me know.

SCENE X

IMAGINARY CROWD FOR GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

ABRAHAM. Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom—and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

SCENE XI

COMING DOWN THE POTOMAC RIVER

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and boy seated on deck—Lincoln with shawl on his shoulders.

MRS. LINCOLN. I dread returning to the city. It is full of enemies still.

ABRAHAM. Nay, nay, Mary, do not look on the dark side of life. Listen to this I have just read:

“Duncan is in his grave.

After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well;

Treason has done its worst, not steel, nor prisons.

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing.

Nothing can touch him further.”

MARY. That city, I tell you, is filled with our enemies and, I warn you, dear, we must watch and take every precaution.

ABRAHAM. The war is over, Mary. This is an era of peace. We must never again speak of enemies.

SCENE XII

A memorial service in an A. M. A. church, the Sunday after Lincoln's death.
(Arrange choir (or quartet) and pulpit for Parson.)

REV. HARRY ALLWOOD. From my address you will have gathered that Abraham Lincoln's greatness has a romantic and thrilling something in common with that of Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Cromwell, Shakespeare—and, for that matter, Cinderella and David Copperfield. Remember, he began with nothing but his own great soul, and because of faithfulness to that shining star of high idealism, he will add his name to the brief, brief list of immortals.

Another important detail in his life's history which endears Abraham Lincoln to all of us is the fact that his boyhood was poor, hard and obscure, and that he had to battle with poverty, ignorance and discouragement, but by the strength of faith in God he conquered.

These difficulties seem to give him something in common with ourselves and his victories bring a definite message of hope to the most unpromising and submerged people of this country. Lincoln's life proves, my dear people, that there is something in the heart and soul that is greater than influence and social standing and bank accounts, greater than prejudice and arrogance and political cleverness.

Slowly, slowly, Lincoln's qualities conquered all these things. He was faithful to the little duties of the farm-boy, and faithful to the absurdly insignificant first cases of a country lawyer, faithful to the first office-holding of this land, and then to the great responsibility of the Presidency. Lincoln's life stands as an eloquent tribute to the fact that he was honest and faithful in every discharge of duty.

In my closing word I wish to leave this thought with you. Though Abraham Lincoln died between an assassin's pistol and the walls of an old hovel, he rose between two angels. Tonight he stands by the beacon fires on the hills of destiny calling us to lift up our eyes to the God of Truth and Freedom in whom he trusted and by whose strength he turned his vision into a glorious victory. Amen.

We will now close this memorial service for our beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, by singing his favorite hymn, "O God, our help in ages past."